The Sketch

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ALL-STAR DEPORTMENT DISPLAY.

Here's an all-star deportment display by JUDY GARLAND *(nearest camera),* HEDY LAMARR *(centre), and* LANA TURNER *from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new musical,* "ZIEGFELD GIRL." *The exercise of walking up and down stairs with a book balanced on the head was considered by our grandparents to be an infallible method for insuring graceful carriage. These front-line favourites of the screen can carry out the manœuvre to perfection.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Poor Old Mum! Never hit your mother, however much she may deserve it. It is not done—for several reasons. First, it is considered impolite in the best circles; second, your mother may hit back, and is frequently in a strong strategic position to do so. These are principles which we have learned at, or across, our mothers' knees. They have now been grossly violated. One of the most respected mothers in the world has been brutally assaulted—I mean, of course, the Mother of Parliaments. Not for the first time, either. An unfilial child named Guy Fawkes once tried to bomb her from below; and now an outlaw who scorns both her and all her progeny has bombed her from above. That 's the sort of fellow he is; having burned his own Reichstag, he was not likely to spare the very stronghold of democracy. And yet, to some, his act was unexpected. They were sardonic enough to suggest that if Hitler really wanted to win the war, the last thing he would desire would be to interfere with the House of Commons. One would be grieved and appalled at such cynicism, if it were not merely our playful little way; for it is the privilege of a democratic people to pretend to regard all its chosen representatives as knaves or fools or both.

Phœnix. Parliament is not the same thing as the "historic Chamber"; the one is venerable, the other a mere youngster—hardly "historic" at all in point of actual years. It was in a very different House of Commons that the voices of Pitt and Burke, Fox and Sheridan declaimed those resounding periods which have gone out of fashion (much to the prejudice of the English language). I do not recollect ever having seen a print of the old Parliament buildings which went up in smoke in 1834; but Barry's new and ambitious structure was intended to be a vast improvement on its predecessor. I understand from high-brows that it is mere "bastard Gothic," and that it is bad taste to admire it. To that bad taste I cheerfully plead guilty, for I have always thought that great, rhythmic pile of buildings, rising from the bank of the Thames, a fine, eye-filling spectacle, and technical points about purity of style do not interest me when I stand before a beautiful and harmoniously proportioned building.

Standing Room Only. But I confess I *was* a little surprised to read, in the correspondence columns of *The Times*, a long and enthusiastic eulogy of the desecrated House as the "perfect Chamber." This is another example of tardy appreciation and posthumous fame, for during its lifetime the Chamber met with many unkind criticisms. It is strange to read that when a Member addressed the House from his place, "his audience could not only see him but could hear him perfectly." How often has one heard bitter complaints—or sometimes even expressions of relief—that hon. Members, far from being heard "perfectly," could not be heard at all! It was doubtless by calculated intent that the Chamber was designed to hold only about half its full complement of Members, the architect evidently feeling that about three hundred legislators were quite as many as were good for the nation; but the curious result was that on a "full-dress" day the "seats" of many Members were a constitutional fiction, and it was none too easy to find even standing-room in the aisles and gangways. As for mollycoddle luxuries like a desk to write on, these were sternly discouraged, lest Members should be tempted to divert their attention from the affairs of the nation to private correspondence, "doodle" patterns, or rude sketches of each other.

Fair and Square. However, the traditional rectangular Chamber, whatever its structural or acoustic defects, had one pronounced effect, for better or for worse, on our politics. It was undoubtedly responsible, more than any other single cause, for our party system. Government and Opposition faced each other squarely and within easy striking distance (the expression not to be taken too literally). A "third" party could just manage to insinuate itself, though not without difficulty, on cross-benches; but "splinter" parties have always been at a severe geographical disadvantage, being relegated to mere nooks and crevices. Thus our statesmen have been saved the embarrassing necessity of deciding whether they would belong to the Centre, Right Centre, Left Centre, Inside Right, Outside Left, Three-Quarters, Full Back—to name only a few of the 57 Varieties which have been open to Continental politicians. If the day ever comes that we have a circular Chamber, life is going to be made very difficult for the free and independent elector. We shall, however, try to take courage from Congress, which has somehow squared the circle, and never allowed more than two parties to confuse the voter.

"*My cheese ration and a mouse-trap, please!*"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

Dog-Fighting for Freedom. Square or round, bombed or unbombed,

> How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> The part that Parliament can cause or cure!

That, at least, is painfully true of this war-phase through which we are passing. "There 's a war on" is the excuse for an unrestrained orgy of official pettifogging which is really driving loyal citizens to despair. It is not a sufficient excuse—in fact, it is a dangerous fallacy. Sensible people will not complain of any "emergency" hardships or restrictions which are placed on them, if they are really necessary for the prosecution of the war. But the tragedy, deepening every moment, is that the swelling stream of rules, orders and regulations, turned out in reckless profusion by bureaucrats who have no notion of the actual conditions with which they are dealing, are actually hampering the war effort in a thousand different directions. These are the words of an expert of wide experience of both public and private enterprise: "The life of most manufacturers to-day is one long dog-fight against hampering conditions, most of which might never have arisen had our industrial effort been organised on proper lines at the start." And again: "From end to end of the country there is a deep feeling of frustration among both industrialists and work-people on account of the hampering effect of over-centralised Government control."

"*Two thousand, five hundred pounds it is. Ah, well—I suppose half a Spitfire is better than no Spitfire at all!*"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Niggle and Naggle. Nowhere is this tyranny of Niggle and Naggle more apparent than in the regulations concerning the retail sale of food. Here it is not the big manufacturer, but the Small Man, who is being perpetually sniped at and turned into an embittered rebel. The spate of orders and regulations is such that it is practically impossible for the shopkeeper to keep abreast of them, and even if he can obtain access to them, he can often make nothing of their obscure and turgid language. A case occurred the other day of an Oxford College being fined (a nominal amount only, it is true) for breach of a regulation which it was physically impossible for it to have seen or known at the time of the offence. The penalties prescribed are simply fantastic, and contrary to our whole legal tradition; for a trifling inadvertence, an honest trader can be fined £100 or sent to prison for a year. "Snooping" committees and inspecting authorities have been set up in every district, and all over the country Justices are compelled, much against their will, to impose penalties (extremely variable in amount) on reputable merchants for sins of ignorance, not to say bewilderment.

Criminals All! Is all this vexation and pin-pricking necessary simply because "there's a war on"? The test is—does it improve the control and supply and distribution of merchandise? It is difficult to see any evidence of that most desirable result. The real cause is quite different; it is the inexorable fact that when you multiply officials indefinitely, all of whom have to justify their existence, you inevitably increase unnecessary regimentation. There are two invariable laws in this matter, as certain as the law of gravity: extend "efficiency" beyond a certain point, and you produce inefficiency; and extend legal restriction beyond a certain point, and you produce not observance of the law, but evasion of it, and contempt for it. We have almost got to a point, and we shall reach it if we are not careful, where the ordinary citizen does not know, when he buys or sells a common article, whether or not he is committing a crime. Nothing will persuade me that that state of things is necessary merely because "there's a war on."

"Yes, 'e's in the Army—'e always DID *like the best of everything!"*

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

Caviar to the General. Well, well! My temperature seems to have risen higher than I intended over this matter, and if I am not careful, I shall get myself arrested under Regulation 18B. I assure you, gentle reader, that I am really a very pacific and law-abiding person, and it is only because I have some respect for the law that I hate to see it stultified. However, let's cool down. Since the subject of food has been mentioned (and somehow or other it keeps on bobbing up), let us turn to a brighter aspect of it. The other day I tasted, in a sandwich, an unfamiliar, but not unpleasant, fishy substance. Now, it is not always tactful to inquire too closely into the contents of sandwiches, but my vulgar curiosity was aroused, and I asked, like Miss Dartle, for information. I was told that I was eating "English caviar." On asking for some Welsh zakouska and some Scottish vodka, I was enjoined, rather acidly, not to try to be funny. Though an admirer I am not a connoisseur of caviar. I am not one of those talented persons, like the well-known General to whom Shakespeare referred, who can tell at a glance whether it is Astrakhan or Rumanian, or who send away a dish of caviar because the grains are too grey or too black, or too big or too small. To tell the shameful truth, when I eat caviar, it is usually at somebody else's expense, and it would not be polite to be too choosy. I am not, therefore, in a position to express an opinion about this British caviar, though I am strongly in favour of showing the Comrades that they can't have a monopoly of all the luxuries. Anyhow, I consumed this reputed delicacy to the last globule, though whether I should willingly do so again is a question of which I should require notice.

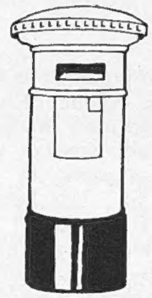
And Sardines for the Million. What is of far greater national importance is that there are now British sardines. None of your pampered snobbery about the sardine! A good, honest, general-utility fish, highly nutritious, and popular with one and all—as appropriate to the *hors d'œuvre* of the duke as to the humble supper of the artisan! The curious thing about a sardine (so I am told) is that it is rarely a sardine. It is generally a pilchard, and, in the broadest terms, it is any small, silver-plated fish which will pack conveniently into a tin. What matters it? That which we call a sardine by any other name would taste as sweet, if suitably immersed in oil. The British sardine appears to be a baby perch, and he comes from—of all places!—Lake Windermere. What would Wordsworth have said if he had heard that 250,000 infant perch had been extracted from Windermere in twelve days, and that it was expected to get no less than fifty tons of them in a single season? It *does* sound a little unromantic for Lakeland, and conjures up affrighting visions of salmon canneries in the Highlands. Actually, what we most need to do is to popularise that excellent fish, the tunny, which can be caught in the North Sea, which is cheap, palatable, and nutritious, but which the conservative British public, for some inscrutable reason, cannot be induced to eat.

What to Do with Our Boys. Would it not be a good idea to turn all the naughty boys, who are causing such concern to our Juvenile Courts, to mass-production of tadpoles, tiddlers and sticklebacks? I should think that they would make excellent sardines and whitebait. The thing to do is to organise all our Dead End Kids into gangs and to institute gang-warfare in the nature of rivalry in the production of sardines. What these waifs and strays need is useful occupation with a dash of excitement—and the pursuit of the stickleback can be a highly exciting occupation, as anybody knows who has ever tried it. I read that one wise foster-mother in Cornwall has organised thirty-eight "difficult" children into detachments with picturesque titles such as "The Pirates of Penzance," "Our Gang," "Smuggler's Cave" and "The Seven Dwarfs"; and that one of her charges, aged thirteen, with forty-one convictions against him (definitely "difficult"), is now happy as the day is long cleaning shoes. As a tiddler-catcher, he might become a national benefactor.

Plain Speaking. "We now give you the news in this damned language." Spoken with feeling by the Baghdad wireless announcing news in English. How about: "This is the B.B.C. Home and Forces programme. Here is the damned news, and this is Algernon Montressor reading it, curse you"?

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Lady B. is going to sell her house. Everybody was very much upset when they heard the news, for she has always seemed to us to be in her perfect setting, and her Evacuees set up a doleful howling. However, she told them that if there was room in her new flat she would take the one who was the least trouble with her. She says after that their behaviour was so exemplary it quite embarrassed her.

For a long time she has been saying that she couldn't afford the house, but it was when the old gardener had to give up work, and there wasn't another to be had, that she decided that it was time to go.

"I 'm too old to dig," she said, "and it isn't fair to neglect a garden these days."

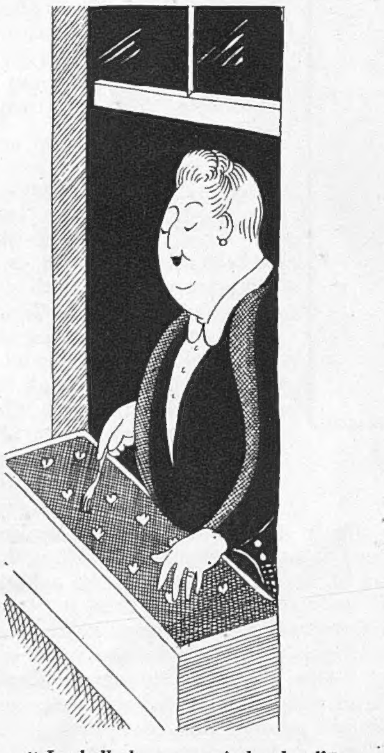
It was just like Lady B. to be so plucky and sensible about it, and when I went up to tea one day last week it was a shock to find her sitting on the floor with a child's doll on her lap and the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"With a child's doll on her lap."

"It was Sarah's," she said in a choked voice while she fumbled about for a handkerchief.

I passed her mine in silence. Sarah was Lady B.'s very precious daughter who died as a V.A.D. in the last war.

"She was a rather plain little girl," said Lady B., dabbing at her eyes. "Freckly, you know, and with cut knees, but such a darling. She grew up to be a very beautiful woman. This is the doll she loved best. Her name is Hermione. She and Sarah used to be dressed alike."



"I shall have a window-box."

Hermione's eyes opened with a click and she said "Ma-ma."

"Keep her," I said.

"Good gracious, no!" said Lady B. briskly, and she got up off the floor and put Hermione back into her cradle. "I 'm going to get rid of everything which isn't really necessary. I shall keep one fork and one spoon and one knife and one chair and one bed, and my life will be simple and idyllic."

"And what about a table?"

"A table, of course."

"And what about the Evacuee?"

"Don't be tiresome, Henrietta."

"It will be nice not to have to bother about weeds," I said wistfully.

"It will be heavenly!" said Lady B. with fervour. "I shall have a window-box in which I shall dig with my one fork."

"I think I shall stop being sorry for you," I said.

"I should think so, indeed!" said Lady B., pouring out the tea. "It is the best thing that has happened to me for ages, and you mustn't take any notice if I get a bit weepy and sentimental; it is the privilege of age. How do you like those sandwiches?"

"Delicious. May I have another?"

"I 'm not at all sure that I shan't grow mustard and cress in my window-box," said Lady B. as she passed me the plate.

"And you could cut it with your one pair of nail-scissors."

Lady B. smiled happily. "The secret of happiness is to adopt *this* attitude towards possessions," she said—and she made a pushing-away gesture with her hands—"rather than this," and she pulled an imaginary treasure to her bosom. "Once you can drop the grabbing habit everything is plain sailing. I 'm all right, because my family has been coming down in the world for so many generations that it 's sort of in my blood. It 's the ones on the up-grade who are finding it so difficult to get into reverse. Poor things," she added, with deep sympathy.

"You are a philosopher," I said, "and young men ought to sit at your feet."

"I can't imagine anything nicer," said Lady B.

At her request I took Hermione and her not-inconsiderable wardrobe down to the Evacuees' Hostel. Hermione fixed me with a reproachful blue stare all the way through the streets, and I was quite thankful to hand her over to the Matron.

"It 's very kind," she said, looking worried. "I think I 'd better keep the doll in my room and just give it to them to play with occasionally. They might have it now for half an hour before bedtime."

The Matron is evidently a woman who believes in facing up to troubles. Hermione gave me one last reproachful stare and I hurried away. Before I got to the gate I heard Bedlam break out in the Hostel behind me.

A few days later I was passing that way and saw one of the Evacuees swinging on the gate. "How 's Hermione?" I said.

"Wot?" said the Evacuee.

"Hermione, the doll."

"Bust," said the Evacuee.

I broke the news to Lady B. as gently as I could, but she had put sentiment behind her and received it unmoved. "We've all got to come to an end some time," she said heartlessly, "and to be broken by children is the right sort of end for a doll."

The day she was to leave her house, Charles and I went with the car to drive her away. We searched through the empty rooms without success, and then we tried the garden. In the orchard, under an apple-tree, was Lady B. with a spade, and on the ground beside her was what was left of Hermione. One blue eye stared angrily, and as we stood there a petal fluttered down and rested on the poor corpse. Charles gently took the spade out of Lady B.'s hand and dug a deep hole. As he lifted Hermione to lay her in her grave she emitted a last plaintive "Ma-ma." Charles told me afterwards that he has always longed to know how the vocal insides of a doll work but he didn't like to look, for fear of hurting Lady B.'s feelings.

"Charles dug a deep hole."

When it was all over Lady B. said "Thank you, Charles," and she took his arm and we walked back to the house. She shut the front door and locked it, and then she said, "I hope some very nice people will come and live here." Then we got into the car and drove away.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.

"I SEZ TO 'ER, I SEZ, 'IF YOU CAN'T "GET OFF" 'ERE, YOU'RE 'OPELESS!'"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

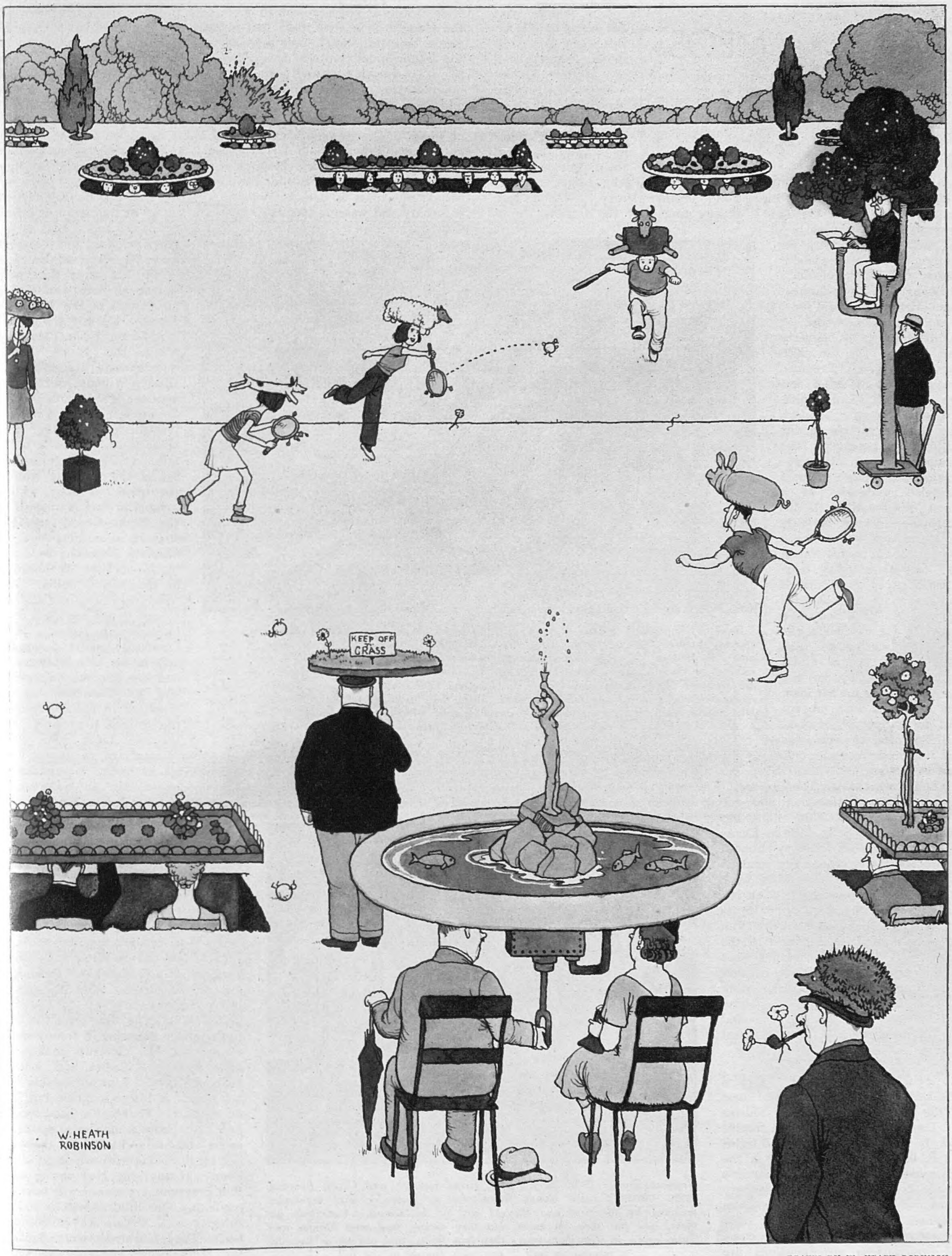
CRÈME DE SEMOULE.

Bring to the boil one pint of fruit juice—any bottled or tinned fruit will do, although cherry and raspberry give the best result—and pour in two dessert-spoonfuls of semolina. Stir steadily for ten minutes, keeping the mixture on the boil. Turn out into a glass bowl, allow to cool, and then beat energetically with an egg whisk.

Leave until quite cold and give it a final whip before serving.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

UNRATIONED RELISH: NO. 6. CRÈME DE SEMOULE.



DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CARRYING ON AT WIMBLEDON.

W. Heath Robinson this week puts forward a suggestion for how to carry on at Wimbledon in safety this year. It will be noticed that his scientific scheme of camouflage extends even to the balls. The umpire is also protected.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"LOVE ON THE DOLE," which you can see at the Odeon this week, is a very moving transcription of Walter Greenwood's Lancashire play. It is the story of the mill-hands and their families in any Lancashire town, but in particular the story of the Hardcastles of Hankey Park; father, mother, daughter Sally and eighteen-year-old brother Harry. Pennies are scarce enough in Hankey Park at any time, but the terrible slump of 1930 hits the town just as Sally is saving up for marriage with a young labour leader, and Harry, in a new suit bought on the instalment plan—but not yet paid for—is courting his best girl.

Little by little, poverty and hunger grip the mill-hands in a vice. The men lounge about at street corners, silent and grim. Demonstrators carry banners. The boys scramble in the gutter for fag-ends. The women queue up outside the pawnshops. Sally's man is trampled underfoot in a street riot, and with his death the girl loses the only hope she ever had of escape from this grim town. Harry, who has married his Helen "just in time," finds himself and his wife and child without a home. It is Sally who comes to the rescue in the only way she knows. She sells herself to a flashy bookie for money for her mother and jobs for her men. The film ends with an appeal to all people of good will that after the war, this war for freedom, such conditions should never happen again, that the men and women of our Hankey Parks should never be forgotten.

I doubt whether anyone can see "Love on the Dole" without being stirred. Writing, direction and acting are alike simple and direct. There are no outstanding stars, but Deborah Kerr as Sally, Clifford Evans as her labour leader, Geoffrey Hibberd as the boy Harry, and every smallest player in the long cast does work that has warmth and life. Even the sepia photography is effective in its suggestion of smoke and murk. You can almost smell the rankness of the streets. You can feel the thin woof of the clothes. There are delicate and intimate little scenes which catch at your heart, they are so painful and so true. I think you will find this, in its small way, a rather great picture.

I could wish that "THIS ENGLAND" (Regal) had shared some of the simplicity and direct address of "Love on the Dole." The trouble with it is that the idea is all right, but it has got all tangled up in the treatment. As I see it, the producer's subject is a plot of land, Claverly Down, where the same stock have ploughed the same acres ever since Domesday Book. Generations come and generations go, invasions are threatened, foreign kings may sit on the throne, but the Rookbys and Appleyards of Claverly Down still live by the harvest and the soil and the seed.

That is the idea of "This England," and I believe it would have made a fine film if it had stuck closer to the soil itself, made the audience familiar with every curve of the hillside, every beloved outline of a tree. But, possibly due to the exigencies of war, possibly because the wide, historical pageant seemed more colourful, the producers have left the place to look after itself, and followed the Rookbys and the Appleyards back into time. Not satisfied with that, they have involved all the leading inhabitants of the village in their reincarnation idea. And so we go traipsing up and down the centuries with the farmer, the farm labourer, the girl, the innkeeper, the blacksmith, the squire, the doctor and the vicar.

This reincarnation device has never been very convincing at the best of times, and with such a gang to transport, it is less convincing than ever here. What should have been a simple, homely story resolves itself into a series of trick charades, in which we are waiting all the time for the reappearance of the leading characters. Will they turn up blonde this time, or dark? Will the men be clean-shaven and dapper, or sweaty and wearing beards? Will they be up in the world or down, good or bad? It is an amusing game, but it doesn't make for sustained drama.

We first meet the group in the present war, during an air-raid in the Battle of Britain. Rookby, the gentleman farmer (John Clements) is in the Home Guard. Appleyard, his labourer (Emlyn Williams) is the local warden. The Girl (Constance Cummings) is an American journalist, "covering" the home front. When a bomb falls in the village street, she is the only one who is perturbed. Rookby, with a mysticism that is unusual in the Home Guard, tells her that it is nothing new for Claverly Down to be fighting for its life. If the mists of time could unfold . . . which they promptly do. . . .

And so we see them back in Norman times. Miss Cummings wears a wimple and braids, Mr. Williams is had up for stealing cows, and Mr. Clements, heavily disguised in hair, is leading the Britons to revolt. . . . We see them again when the Armada is off Plymouth Hoe. Miss Cummings, a gypsy with a Spanish-American accent and a knowledge of herbs, is mistakenly urging Mr. Clements to take to the open road. In an unfortunate affair which we think Claverly Down would prefer to forget, Mr. Williams chases her over a cliff. . . . In Napoleonic days Mr. Clements gives us a shock by appearing as a blond. He 's a dandy, too, and a gambler, and almost a traitor to his lands, but it 's the neat blond wig that we remember most. . . . Recovering his spirit and his colouring by the Great War, he next appears on Armistice Night as a blind V.C. Miss Cummings, in draggled velveteen, is a girl of the streets. Mr. Williams is just a Tommy.

It 's this scene that gives the title to the film. Standing in the doorway of the inn, Mr. Clements makes his little speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he says, "I 'm no speaker but a farmer. A bit of a crock, but I 'll do my best. That was a good speech just now [from a man who spoke of peace and brotherhood] and that 's a fine bit of Shakespeare we ought all to know. If anything goes wrong with that programme someone will have to pay. . . . Our children will look after things. . . . I can see—smell—the fields. They were always worth fighting for. Shakespeare knew. 'This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred isle——' "

And so, with the bold words on the sound-track, the picture fades back to modern times. The moment is well done, and Mr. Clements says his little piece with a simplicity and power that makes one regret there wasn't more of it in the picture.

"Road to Zanzibar" follows "Road to Singapore" with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour, directed by the same director, Victor Schertzinger, and new tunes by Burke and Van Heusen. It is a laugh-making, romantic story of escape from Africa, and money-raising for the purpose. DOROTHY LAMOUR *as Donna Latour, with Una Merkel as Julia, are stranded vaudevillians with an eye for financial help from any man. Meeting Frazier, circus trickster and Chuck, his ideas man, Julia fools them by selling Donna to them for fifty kolaks, for they don't know the money is split with the "slave-traders" whom they accuse of an auction deal with Julia as the slave.*

Fearless Frazier (BOB HOPE; *left), circus-trickster, and Chuck Reardon* (BING CROSBY) *raise money from town to town by wild acrobatics executed by the first and thought out by the second. Cannibals get them, and put them in cages, but they escape, and meet Donna and Julia again in Zanzibar, where they join forces, and put on a "sawing a woman in half" act, with Donna as the foil.*

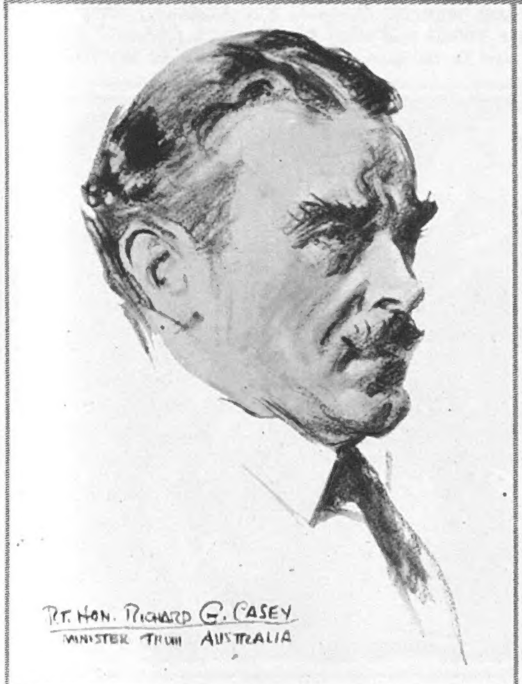
SECRETARY OF THE U.S. NAVY, COL. FRANK KNOX, *described by the artist as a " hearty go-getting American business man."*

SECRETARY OF STATE CORDELL HULL, *a sketch made while the Minister was engaged in a fifteen-minute telephone talk.*

H.E. *the* BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.A., VISCOUNT HALIFAX, *a vivid impression made in a quarter of an hour.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, *the well-known American artist, faced the camera posed in front of the large canvas which he considers to be his finest nude. He is a gifted portrait-painter, and works rapidly, as may be seen from these brilliant, convincing sketches of seven distinguished leaders of democracy. He has summed up the characters of several of his sitters in pithy sentences. Of Lord Halifax he says that he saw in him a combination of other famous men in different spheres of life—Sinclair Lewis, novelist; Fred Astaire, dancer, combined with a dash of Socrates.*

UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE SUMNER WELLES, *President Roosevelt's special observer in Europe last spring.*



The RT. HON. ROBERT G. CASEY, AUSTRALIAN MINISTER TO THE U.S.A.: *a typical Montgomery Flagg portrait-sketch.*

HARRY HOPKINS, *Supervisor of Lease and Lend. He visited England as President Roosevelt's personal representative.*

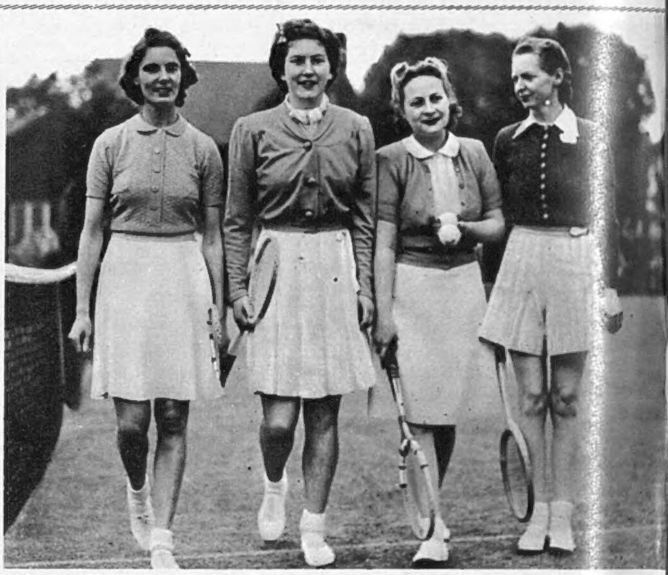
GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL, *U.S. Army Chief of Staff. The artist describes him as " the red-faced, sandy-haired vital type—a leader."*

U.S.A. FLAGG VIEWS DEMOCRACY'S LEADERS.

The marriage of MISS PATRICIA RANK, daughter of the late Mr. Rowland Rank, to LIEUT. CHARLES COMPTON, R.N., took place at Chichester Register Office.

These MUSCULAR GIRLS are the first women to work as demolition gangs. They help to clear away débris and also to fill sandbags.

Right: H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF ETHIOPIA, whose husband, Haile Selassie, has been restored to his kingdom, attended the All-Services and Allied Matinée at the London Coliseum.



MRS. MICHAEL MENZIES (formerly Kay Stammers), MISS JEAN NICOL, MISS BILLIE YORKE and MRS. HAMMERSLEY (formerly Freda James) took part in the lawn tennis at Surbiton for the Red Cross.

The DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER inspected Red Cross and St. John vehicles at the St. James's Palace garden-party to discuss Red Cross and St. John flag day plans. MRS. LE GRAND, Commandant V.A.D. drivers, is with her Royal Highness.

Three lawn-tennis stars, each with a good service! E. R. AVORY, the Navy; MRS. HAMMERSLEY, the M.T.C.; and SQUADRON LEADER MALFROY, the R.A.F., at the Red Cross lawn tennis.

ROYAL LADIES, BRIDES, TENNIS STARS, MUSCULAR GIRLS:

QUEEN MARY *inspected Y.M.C.A. mobile canteens for use in bombed areas. The* DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT *(left) is with her Majesty, and our group shows (l. to r.) the* DUCHESS OF KENT, LADY GUNSTON, SIR DERRICK GUNSTON, BT., *and* MR. E. E. WICKENS. *The Duchess of Beaufort, who was Lady Mary Cambridge, is a niece of Queen Mary.*

CAPTAIN ROBERT I. M. HENDERSON, *the Gordon Highlanders, married* MISS HONOR BURNEY *at the Church of St. Mary, Harrow-on-the-Hill. The bridal pair made a pretty picture coming through the lych-gate.*

The marriage of SIR JOHN GILMOUR, BT., *son of the late Colonel Sir John Gilmour, to* MISS URSULA MABYN WILLS, *daughter of Mr. F. O. Wills, took place at Abbots Leigh Church, Somerset.*

Left: MRS. GILES MILLS *is the wife of Lieut. Giles Mills, of the Fleet Air Arm, and sister of Lady Ashley. She is French by birth and was Mlle. Marianne Soulier.*

The win-the-war slogan hat is a new idea launched by MISS PAMELA NELL, *who is playing "Cottage to Let." She is engaged to* MR. PETER DEARING, *the actor, now a Petty Officer in the Royal Navy.*

SQUADRON LEADER KENNETH MICHAEL MACLEOD WASSE, R.A.F., *married* MISS ROSEMARY CLAIRE BROKE THURSTON, *only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Vere B. Thurston, at West Monkton Parish Church.*

UICK REVIEW OF WOMEN AT WORK AND PLAY IN WARTIME.

W.A.A.F. OFFICERS ON INTENSIVE TRAINING.

Posed beside a Ming stone Kylin: two W.A.A.F. officers on a refresher course held in a beautiful country house.

General inspection takes place every morning before the routine of daily study starts. The young officers are standing smartly at attention.

"Eyes—RIGHT!" The march-past with two instructors taking the salute.

Lecture-room study. A typical W.A.A.F. officer at her desk. Note the chart illustrating different types of aeroplane.

A BEAUTIFUL country house somewhere in England has been taken over by the Air Ministry for instruction and refresher courses for young W.A.A.F. officers. The course consists of a week's intensive training in administration, discipline, P.T., and Air Force law. Fifty officers are passed through per week.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

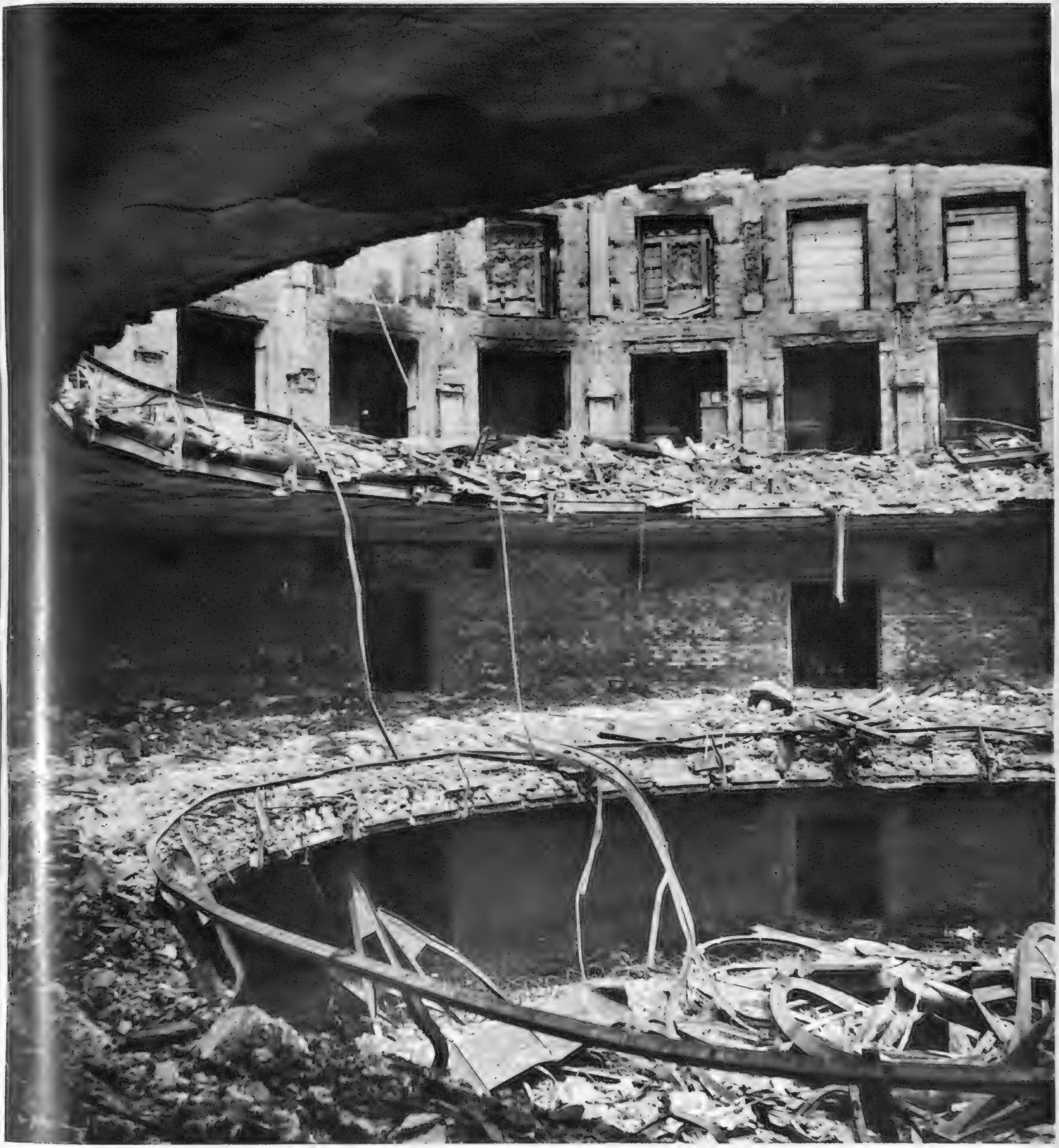
" MISS MIAMI "—For her exultant quaffing of her own medicine—a " thrill a day for beauty."

Neither wars nor rumours of wars can prevent America from holding her classic annual Beauty Contest, and MISS LOUISE BAKER, *chosen as " Miss Miami," will compete in September for the title of " Miss America." She advocates " a thrill a day " to revitalise one mentally and physically, and was snapped taking her own physic—a twenty-foot jump from a diving-board astride a rubber horse. Miss Baker is a twenty-one-year-old store cashier in Miami, Florida.*

CARICATURES BY SHERRIFFS.

IN THE CAVALRY—NOW. NO. 2.

Last week we published a page of Sherriffs' impressions of fellow-soldiers in the Royal Armoured Corps with which he is serving. Here is a second set of caricatures of officers and men of this important corps which takes the place of cavalry in modern warfare.



THE REST IS SILENCE.

This ruined amphitheatre is all that the Luftwaffe have left of the QUEEN'S HALL, *London's most famous concert hall, the home of the "Proms.," and the building where great conductors, including the incomparable Toscanini, have given concerts to closely packed audiences, and to listeners-in all over the world. The building was opened in 1893 with a concert by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, and since then it has been known to one and all for the "Proms." conducted by Sir Henry Wood, one of the most important factors in the musical life of the country. In the destruction, thousands of pounds'-worth of instruments belonging to the London Philharmonic Orchestra were lost. Members of the Orchestra were confronted with the scene of desolation when they arrived to give a concert, but showed an unflinching spirit, for a meeting was held in the road; instruments were borrowed, and the programme was carried through at the Royal Academy of Music. Thus, though in the words of Hamlet, "The rest is silence" at our famous concert hall, the voice of music is not stilled, and we may yet celebrate a jubilee in a restored Queen's Hall.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

LOVELINESS À L'AMÉRICAINE: GLORIFIED ZIEGFELD GIRLS AND EARL CA

GEORGIA CARROLL *was chosen from among 600 applicants as one of the twelve outstanding American beauties for M.G.M.'s "Ziegfeld Girl," and was selected by photographer Clarence Bull as one of his two ideal Ziegfeld girls. She was formerly a famous John Powers model from New York.*

Clarence Bull posed GEORGIA CARROLL *as a d*

This is one of Adrian's Glorified Costumes worn by LORRAINE GETTMAN *in "Ziegfeld Girl."*

ALINE BRANDEIS *wears this co in the musicale "Ziegfe*

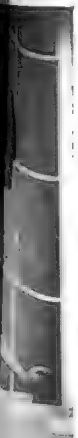
Left: HARRIET BENNETT, *all ostrich feathers and white wings, in "Ziegfeld Girl."*

BEAUTIES.

"A Night at Earl Carroll's" is a new Paramount picture featuring the Most Beautiful Girls in the World. Here's one.

Another lovely girl from the Paramount picture "A Night at Earl Carroll's."

thought Florenz Ziegfeld would have done.



ostume

CLAIRE JAMES *is one of the Glorified Girls in M.G.M.'s "Ziegfeld Girl."*

Right: This is how ELLA NEAL *appears in one of the sequences of Paramount's "A Night at Earl Carroll's."*

CATEGORY C— VERY FRIENDLY ALIENS.

Right: "This has been a very chilly spring!" MAXIMILIAN *and* TRUDY *approve of the electric radiator.*

"Save water? Certainly; but don't do me out of my bath and beauty treatment."

Smilin' thro'. TRUDY *gazes sentimentally up at her bath attendant whilst being dried.*

Manicure must not be neglected even in wartime! TRUDY *has her toenails clipped.*

Getting ready to go out after an air raid: TRUDY *puts on her rubber boots to avoid glass splinters.*

THE question of friendly aliens has been much discussed since the outbreak of war. There is certainly one class—the Dachshund population of this country—which can without exception be listed as consisting of all Category C—or very friendly aliens. Dachshunds may be said (in common with Beethoven, Schubert, Heine and some others!) to be among the few admirable things to come from Germany. They are charming, intelligent and amusing creatures, and the fact that they are small and smooth-coated has increased their wartime popularity.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PICTORIAL PRESS.

Be prepared! MAXIMILIAN, *complete with gas-mask and overcoat, is ready for anything.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDAMM STUDIO.

SIR COLENSO RIDGEON— BY RAYMOND MASSEY.

RAYMOND MASSEY *wears this immaculate morning coat and grey topper as the fashionable specialist, Sir Colenso Ridgeon, in "The Doctor's Dilemma," which has been revived by Katharine Cornell at the Shubert Theatre, New York. It will be remembered that in this play George Bernard Shaw turns himself loose on the medical profession and presents a group of distinguished practitioners as targets for his satiric shafts. Sir Colenso Ridgeon, brilliantly played by Raymond Massey in this production, is the titled doctor with a new formula for combating tuberculosis.*

SLEUTHING WITH GHOSTLY HELP: "TOPPER RETURNS."

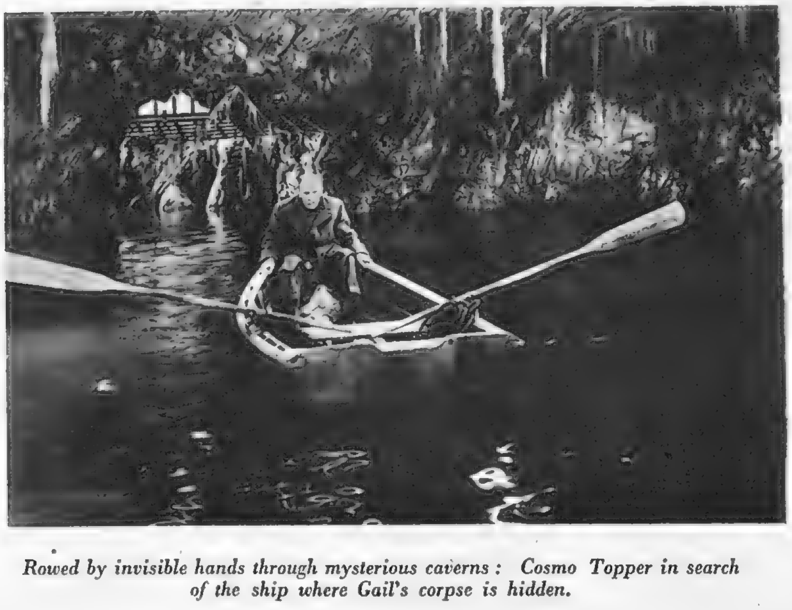
Saved by a ghost! The materialised presence of murdered Gail (JOAN BLONDELL) *saves Cosmo Topper* (ROLAND YOUNG) *from death.*

The ghost of the murdered Gail appears to Cosmo Topper and implores him to hunt down the man who killed her.

Topper in trouble with Mrs. Topper (BILLIE BURKE). *He is trying to prevent Gail from materialising in his wife's room.*

Attempted murder of an heiress; Ann Carrington (CAROLE LANDIS) *in deadly peril.*

Gail has been murdered, but that does not stop her pranks. She has some quiet fun with Cosmo Topper.



Rowed by invisible hands through mysterious caverns: Cosmo Topper in search of the ship where Gail's corpse is hidden.

EVERYONE will remember Topper's Adventures with the supernatural and what awkward fixes ghosts are apt to get him into! "TOPPER RETURNS," the new film due at the London Pavilion on June 1, presents him in a particularly amusing ghostly film. A young girl is murdered, and her heiress friend narrowly escapes the same fate. The Mysterious Killer is relentlessly tracked down by Topper asisted by the ghost of the murdered girl, Gail. The sequences include grandly comic scenes centering round Mrs. Topper's jealousy of the ghost; and a series of big thrills.

Working for an ideal camera angle: DIRECTOR RENÉ CLAIR, *the battery of cameras, and* STAR MARLENE DIETRICH *making a scene in Universal's new picture,* "THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS." *This Joe Pasternak production is the first American picture directed by René Clair, who was making films in Paris when France collapsed; and caught the last boat to America.*

The Light Lady Claire (MARLENE DIETRICH) *surveys the entrancing effects of gaudy stockings shimmering through tulle.*

THE DIETRICH—DIRECTED BY RENÉ CLAIR.

Right: The Countess Claire (MARLENE DIETRICH) *is every inch a countess—well, every other inch! She is posed in an attitude of well-bred concern in the gentlewoman half of her dual rôle in "The Flame of New Orleans."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

UNUSUAL subject-matter is always a help to a novelist, and may make a story of only average quality seem better than it really is. "Hankow Return" is above the average as a novel, but it owes a good deal of its interest to the author's special knowledge of the Sino-Japanese War, and particularly to the part played in it by aircraft. Bill Monroe, the hero, had begun by being an instructor and technical adviser to the Chinese. His passion for, and knowledge of, aerial tactics had led him into helping them in their battle plans and finally into taking a leading part in the fighting itself.

In an air battle on the Emperor of Japan's birthday Bill's gun refuses to fire, and is later discovered to be loaded with pebbles. About the same time, faulty ammunition turns what should have been a Chinese victory into a defeat. Smarting from disappointment at having to fight under such conditions, Bill decides to leave Hankow for his native America—helped to this decision by the fact that an English girl to whom he has long been paying the kind of open attentions she likes disapproves of his being a mercenary and wants him to go home. He is preparing to escort her and her mother to America when chance enables him to solve, in the most dramatic manner possible, the secret of the dud ammunition.

MISS MARY CHURCHILL, *youngest daughter of the Prime Minister, was one of the Maids of Honour at the opening of the General Assemblies of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh.* MISS COLQUHOUN OF LUSS, *centre, was also a Maid of Honour, and* LADY VICTORIA WEMYSS, *Lady-in-Waiting. Sir Iain Colquhoun, Bt., of Colquhoun and Luss, K.T., D.S.O., is Lord High Commissioner for the second year in succession.*

A Happy Warrior. The greater part of a rather long book is given to describing this episode, and one may say at once that, exciting as this is, it is too drawn out. Mr. Archer's eye for detail is keener than his selective faculty; he overcrowds his canvas, and also, perhaps, lets us into the confidence of too many people: the secret leaks out before it should. At the same time the whole thing is very exciting and the actual moment when Bill shoots the villain shows an unusual insight into the psychological effect of danger. Moreover, the upshot, in which Bill is persuaded, or temporarily persuaded, by other people's better judgment to let the innocent German officer suffer for him, provides his nature with a new kind of trial of which it stood in need. Inured to physical risk, he had hardly paid attention to any standards other than those that prevail on the battlefield. When not shooting down the Japanese, or showing the Chinese how to, his main interests were bathing, playing squash, drinking and buying for Sara the "undies" and "panties" in which her soul delighted. His concern for Baron Valkenhorn, destined to languish in a Chinese prison, took his mind off lingerie. Sara, failing to perceive this, and anxious to get from Bill a token of his regard which should bind him to her for ever, overstepped the bounds of coquetry; while her behaviour in auctioning one of his delicate presents to raise money for charity filled him with disgust.

WE HAVE TWO IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS TO MAKE TO OUR READERS.

(1) As every reader of a newspaper or periodical knows, rigid paper restrictions are in force, and owing to a further reduction in our ration, it has been found necessary to publish "The Sketch" fortnightly instead of weekly. This conversion of a weekly to a fortnightly issue is only a war measure, and "The Sketch" will return to a weekly issue after the war.

In addition, we are compelled to curtail supplies to newsagents and bookstalls, so we must ask our readers to be good neighbours and lend their copies to those who have been unable to obtain copies owing to the curtailment of supplies due to the serious shortage of paper.

(2) This issue, dated June 4, marks the first appearance of "The Sketch" in its fortnightly form. Its new price of 1s. 6d. per copy instead of 1s. 3d. as before should be noted. Thus "The Sketch" falls into line with other important weeklies.

Since the famous "Sketch" colour plates have only appeared fortnightly, it should be noted that every future copy, till further notice, will contain this popular feature.

A Good-Time Girl. Unreasonably, perhaps, for if Sara had generally made the running in their acquaintanceship so far as it went, he had eagerly and uncritically followed her lead. Sara was a good-time girl if ever there was one; and less amiable than Nellie Saunders, the high-grade prostitute and dancer who helped to give away the secret of the faked ammunition. In matters of love, nobody in the story is very particular, or expected to be: and Bill's sudden squeamishness, partly due perhaps to his American blood, may have seemed unfair to the easy-going Sara, who had every reason to believe that he, like herself, would see love most clearly at the bottom of a magnum of champagne. Neither is drawn with much subtlety, but then neither was often in a position which called for much finesse until Bill's dilemma over the shooting affair made him the more complete human being of the two. Valkenhorn, the German who did not want to return to Germany, is the most likeable character in the book. But its chief merits, I think, are impersonal: the general impression it gives of China in wartime and more especially of the effect of the fighting on the Chinese.

The Round Table. Mr. T. H. White has retold the story of the Knights of the Round Table and endowed them with modern speech, though not with modern dress. Though he compares them to cricketers anxious about their averages, he takes as much pains as an antiquary might to get the details of their performance on the jousting field technically correct: and the casual way that he, and they, mention the strangely-named implements of their beloved sport is most convincing. We first meet Lancelot, the central figure of the story, swinging a pair of dumb-bells, and one of the author's many concessions to realism is that he seldom makes his hero perform feats that a man out of training could not be expected to do, granted, of course, that Sir Lancelot had a special gift for that kind of thing. Under his treatment the story seems much less fabulous than it does in Tennyson, or even in Malory, who was so much nearer to it; but in spite of the modernisms of speech it preserves the illusion of the past—the thirteenth-century past mixed up, with a fine disregard of history, with a number of other epochs.

Sir Lancelot. Mr. White is often facetious, but one does not find the facetiousness irritating because, underneath a flippant manner, his intention is serious—serious in his portrait of Lancelot, "the ill-made Knight," serious in his account of Lancelot's love-affair with Guinevere, serious in his account of the society of the Round Table. Lancelot he represents as what now might be called a psychological case: that is to say, a man divided against himself, for ever setting before himself an ideal which ran counter to his nature.

His Word was valuable to him not because he was good but because he was bad: since it is only the bad people who need to have principles to restrain them.

In the end this conflict led him not only into the quest for the Grail, in which all the Knights took part (the unregenerate Gawaine's account of his search for it is very funny), but also in the search for God—which meant more to him, since it was foreign to his nature, than it did to Galahad and Parsifal and Bors, who were vouchsafed the vision in virtue of the grace that was in them. Queen Guinevere neither understood nor sympathised with her lover's religious aspirations: when she banished him fromCourt, as she sometimes did, it was because the strain of keeping him at her side was too much for her. She is represented as a woman of all time, perhaps too obviously the "eternal feminine," an emotional opportunist who tried to content each mood as it came along, regardless of principle. King Arthur is the most difficult member of the trio for a novelist to handle; noble and injured, he should have our sympathy, but at any rate in the

[Continued overleaf.

"UP AND DOING" IN LONDON AGAIN.

PATRICIA BURKE, *charming young star of* "UP AND DOING," *the successful Firth Shephard show which has just returned to London for a run at the Saville Theatre, finds time to scribble a letter—a long one too—in between the scenes of a performance.*

LESLIE HENSON *and* CYRIL RITCHARD *as the Pukka Sahibs who interrupt the Elocutionist giving* "*The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God.*"

BINNIE HALE *making up for her appearance in a clever imitation of Evelyn Laye.*

Left: A long pull and a strong pull! BINNIE HALE *as the Victorian lady having her corsets laced up by her determined dresser.*

Continued.]

" Idylls of the King " he is too august and abstract to receive it. Mr. White's Arthur, amiable, affectionate, irritable at times and even erring (he is credited with two illegitimate children), is a real human being; determined to see the best in everyone, but not goody-goody. Though by no means a *mari-complaisant*, he wins our regard by putting the kindest construction he can on Lancelot's friendship with Guinevere, thus robbing the dilemma of some of its moral significance without seriously weakening its emotional effect.

Drawing a Lesson. The history of the Round Table has lessons for our own age.

" When I started the Table [says King Arthur], it was to stop anarchy. It was a sort of channel for brute force, so that the people who had to use force could be made to do it in a useful way. But the whole thing was a mistake. . . . It was a mistake because the Table itself was founded on force."

Mr. White's mixture of humour and seriousness is a recipe of his own, and very pleasant and refreshing to the reader's palate. His portrait of Galahad, done at second-hand and mostly from witnesses unfriendly to that model Knight, may strike some as whose business methods are as crooked as his home life is above reproach.

The Trial. The setting of Mr. Bishop's story contains some excellent satire at the expense of the modern world, as well as much interesting political theorising by Coleridge, who speaks as an individualist and never, I think, subscribes to that famous fiction, dear to writers on Political Science, the Social Contract. To him, a nation is not a corporate entity in any real sense, but rather

an arbitrary aggregation of separate souls and individual entities, each with an infinite and purely personal capacity for experiencing joy and sorrow, for whom pain and death and suffering is a solitary and unique experience, and not a communal one in the very least.

But the jewel enclosed in this satiric setting is undoubtedly the play, or trial, in which chosen champions of the human race—Mozart, Beethoven, Rembrandt, Shakespeare, Guizot, Pascal, Goethe, Tolstoy, Karl Marx, Napoleon and many more—plead with the Deity for an extension of His patience. Their arguments are not only expressed with great clarity and commendable brevity, but contrive to preserve the flavour of the speakers' personalities. The general

Squadron Leader David Ward is Camp Commandant of this FIGHTER UNIT *at an important Station of the R.A.F. He started his career in the " Shiny Seventh" (7th London Regiment). His Adjutant is Flight Lt. Taylor; Pilot Officer Bryan Pope is the Rugger International—England (three caps) and Cambridge.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

irreverent, but it embodies the indisputable truth that there may be a strain of priggishness even in the most saintly natures.

900 Years Hence. " The Star Called Wormwood " is the planet on which we have the privilege to live, the Earth, and Mr. Morchard Bishop is, understandably, very critical of the contribution the human race is now making to the music of the spheres. His novel is, in brief, an attempt to justify the ways of men to God, Who is represented as beginning to think that we have cumbered this planet long enough. Accordingly he releases from dependence on the ordinary processes of Time one Harry Clarke, a stable-boy who, in the year 1839, sustains a gunshot wound in the head. Projected forwards a thousand years in time, Harry is despatched by the spiritual form of William Blake and escorted by the spiritual form of Coleridge to the Earth, where the human race, after twenty years of peace, is once more engaged in a general war. Quite why Mr. Bishop chose this uneducated fellow to be the recipient of his revelation is not quite clear; but the partnership between him and the most educated of poets is a success. The gift of being able to assume any material form they like enables the pair to see a good deal of what is going on behind the scenes; and in order that they should not only be spectators but also doers, they are given jobs in the establishment of Mr. Crump, a kind-hearted, dynamic capitalist

conclusion of this very effective symposium seems to be that man's achievement in the arts justifies his continuance as a species.

A Bold Experiment. The scheme of " Unjust Jury " is a bold experiment—the book opens at the conclusion of a trial in which a woman has been acquitted of poisoning her husband. The main part of the story is concerned with the twelve members of the jury, their reactions to the trial itself, and the images it evokes in their minds. In the hands of a less versatile author such a framework would have become arbitrary and mechanical; but Miss Winifred Duke's fertile invention and psychological insight prevent the succession of crimes from palling. The city of Salchester must have been singularly well supplied with citizens whose past lives would not bear investigation. All the jurors had skeletons in their cupboards, seven of which were victims of murder; but the outlines of their characters are clearly and firmly drawn; and if some of the resulting portraits resemble inhuman monsters, others are human and pitiable enough.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Hankow Return. By C. S. Archer. (*Collins; 9s. 6d.*)
The Ill-Made Knight. By T. H. White. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
The Star Called Wormwood. By Morchard Bishop. (*Gollancz; 8s.*)
Unjust Jury. By Winifred Duke. (*Jarrolds; 9s.*)

The solution of Crossword Puzzle of May 28th will appear in our issue of June 18th.

BETTE DAVIS AS A MAUGHAM MURDERESS—"THE LETTER."

Leslie Crosbie (BETTE DAVIS), *trembling, but determined, goes out to buy the incriminating letter.*

Murder by moonlight! Leslie pours shots into the dead body of Jeoffrey Hammond.

Acquitted—but guilty! Leslie and Howard Joyce (JAMES STEPHENSON; *right*) *tell Robert Crosbie* (HERBERT MARSHALL) *the truth.*

Mrs. Hammond (GALE SONDERGAARD), *Eurasian widow of Jeoffrey, sells the letter to Leslie.*

BETTE DAVIS' latest picture, due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on May 30, is the screen version of W. Somerset Maugham's murder play, "The Letter," in which Gladys Cooper appeared in 1927. The story opens with the murder of Jeoffrey by Leslie Crosbie at her husband's bungalow in Singapore. She says she killed him to save her honour, but before the trial her lawyer, Joyce, learns of an incriminating letter urging him to come to see her that night. Leslie has to pay 10,000 dollars to buy it from Hammond's Eurasian widow, and when she is acquitted, is obliged to confess the truth to her husband on account of the money. He forgives her, but Mrs. Hammond avenges her husband's murder.

MAYBE GEORGE WAS TIGHT?*

By M. W. DASHWOOD.

I HAVE been thinking it over and I have come to the conclusion that George must have been tight. There is no other explanation. George would never have done what he did in his sober senses. Of course, if he were tight, that only makes my action the more inexcusable. I am ashamed of myself: I ought to have had more self-control. Mind you, there was plenty of provocation.

Just before the war, I bought a car. She was a beauty. She cost me plenty; in fact, a lot more than I could afford. But I didn't mind that; motoring is one of my pleasures, and if I had to go a little short in other directions, that was my own affair, after all.

Grace said it was her affair also. In fact, she was just a trifle bitter about it, in the way that only Grace knows. Grace is my wife: a sweet woman, the best little wife that a man could want. I still say so, although she has treated me rather badly. Yes, Grace would make a fine partner for any man. But at times she is just a bit difficult; says a lot more than she means, and means a lot more than she says.

Well, we had a few words over my new car; nothing much, just the usual sort of argument. It ended in her breaking a cup over my head, bursting into tears, and declaring that everything was finished between us. I did not pay much attention, being determined not to give in.

When the war broke out we took a little cottage in the country, mid-Hampshire way, and moved down there for the duration. There was plenty of pottering about to do, and I found it a splendid opportunity for getting the car run in. The journeys backwards and forwards from our town flat to our new abode, at a speed never exceeding twenty miles an hour, were perhaps a trifle tedious; but, as I explained to Grace, you can't be too careful with a new engine; and neither her stormy silences nor her paroxysms of rage moved me in the slightest.

When we were established in the cottage I used to go to work every day by car. Fortunately, my firm had evacuated to Guildford, and it wasn't a long journey. Week-ends were free, and as often as possible we had company. George was a frequent visitor.

George is—was—my oldest friend. He has his faults, like the rest of us, but he 's a fine fellow at heart. I wouldn't call him a sober man, nor perhaps altogether honest, and certainly he 's the laziest slacker in creation; but apart from that, I wouldn't hear a word said against him.

Oh, but he has one other vice—he does love to meddle. Many is the time I have had to reprimand him, when I 've been quietly working in the garage, for poking his nose in and tinkering about with my car. It isn't as though he knows anything about machinery. And so, when I bought the new model, I made up my mind that George should never have anything to do with it.

In a way, I suppose I was to blame for what happened. The trouble dated from that afternoon when I was adjusting the carburettor, and George, who had come down for the week-end, wandered in and asked if he could help.

"No, thank you," I said stiffly.

George began to kick the tyres in a casual sort of way. "Bit under pressure, old chap, aren't they?" he enquired.

"No, George, they 're just right," I replied, controlling myself with difficulty.

Then he picked up a spanner and began to loosen the cylinder bolts. "Want tightening," he grunted.

I went up to him and took the spanner away. "George—for the sake of our friendship," I pleaded, "will you please go away?"

"Oh, very well," he said sulkily, and left me.

I know now where he went: he went straight indoors and sat down with my wife. From that moment onwards they were thrown together constantly. Blind fool that I was, wrapped up in my work—I noticed nothing.

Events must have moved rapidly after that. It cannot have been more than a month later—no, it was five weeks—when I had a call to London one morning. It was a Monday; George had been staying with us over the week-end; and as I bade good-bye to my wife I little realised what the day had in store for me.

"Where 's George?" I enquired.

"He 's still in bed. He finds the country air relaxing."

"Oh, well—give him my regards and tell him not to fool about with the Lagonia. I 'm going to town by train to-day."

The necessity to economise petrol dictated this choice. But Grace did not seem interested. She kissed me in an absent sort of fashion, and I left home. I transacted my business in London rather sooner than I had expected, and was back at the house again before 4 p.m.

The place was deserted and hushed. No voices, friendly or otherwise, greeted me. I wandered from room to room, noting the remains of a cold lunch, for two, on the kitchen table.

I supposed they must have gone for a walk. No suspicion of the truth disturbed me, not even when I picked up the letter. It was propped up against my collar-box in our bedroom, and in my wife's handwriting—mostly. It read as follows:

DEAR DINKUMS,

The time has come when I must choose between you and George. I have chosen—George and I are going away together; far away. He says he has a cousin in Johannesburg who will put us up while he, George, is looking for something to do. He says that South Africa is a big country, and there ought to be plenty of opportunities. So we are off to Southampton, on the first stage of our journey.

I am afraid this will be a dreadful shock to you. But it is useless to try and stop me, my mind is made up.

For the sake of all we have been to each other in the past, I freely forgive you everything, and sign myself for the last time,

Your wife, GRACE.

There was a postscript in George's handwriting:

Sorry we had to take the Lagonia, old man—but it 's definitely a faster bus than my Morstin. I 'll leave it for you at the docks at Southampton. You can use the Morstin if it 's any good. I believe there 's some petrol in the tank.—G.

I read this disgraceful communication through twice before I felt any emotion. Then, as the implications began to dawn on me, I put the letter down and spoke my bitter thoughts aloud.

"George," I said, "you have gone too far. If you think you can get away with *this*, you are mistaken."

Then I seized my hat, ran out of the house, jumped into the Morstin, and drove like one possessed—after them.

In other circumstances I might have enjoyed that journey. There is something definitely exhilarating about a chase, except perhaps when you are the quarry; and I felt sure that *my* quarry were not far ahead of me. There was clear evidence that Grace and George had not left until after lunch. By taking one or two short cuts which I knew, I might yet reach Southampton first, or even catch them on the way.

"Faster! Faster!" I exhorted myself, scattering a brood of chickens across a village street. "You 're gaining on them! You *must* stop them, before any further harm is done!"

And then, I *did* catch up with them. It was at the point where my last short cut rejoined the main road. Suddenly, so suddenly that I had to brake hard, I saw them ahead.

They were sitting in a car, in a ditch. It was *my* car, my beautiful Lagonia. She was resting drunkenly on one side, all her beautiful undercarriage shamefully exposed—battered and broken the remnant of the lovely coupé she had once been. Petrol gushed steadily from her smashed tank. One wheel still revolved slowly like a final comment. . . .

Evidently the accident had only just occurred. I approached softly over the grass from behind, fearing the worst. Grace and George were seated together, motionless, but in so natural a posture that one could have sworn they were both alive and well. I reverently removed my hat.

At that moment I heard a voice: a familiar voice, trembling with suppressed fury. "I suppose you *had* to do this! Of all the idiotic things—when we are only ten miles from our destination you must needs crash the car, through a piece of criminally careless driving! Oh, dear, why did I ever trust myself to you? Why did I ever leave James?"

Then she caught sight of me, and screamed through her rage and tears. George, mopping a nasty cut on his forehead, opened the door and scrambled out. When he had gained *terra firma* and a steady balance, he grinned and held out his hand to me.

"You win, old boy," he said sheepishly. "She 's yours. I knew I was wrong, all along. Take her back with you."

It was then that I behaved badly; it was then that I should have made sure whether George was tight. Instead, I approached very close and seized him by the lapels.

"George," I said tensely. "You are making a slight mistake. Listen, George: you have taken my beloved car against my express wishes, and broken it to pieces; you have wasted the last precious drop of my petrol ration; you have abused my faith and stolen my wife. And now you are trying to evade your responsibilities by handing the remnants back to me, including Grace herself. Oh, no, George. You have got them; and you can keep them. Good-bye."

With that I hit him hard on the nose and walked away.

THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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COATS AND FROCKS FOR YOUR COLLECTION

CLOTHES this summer have to be adaptable. For many women a complete new outfit might be an unjustified expense, but a coat or frock that will go with other things is a practical addition to the wardrobe. The model above from Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, is in a soft biscuit shade that could be worn over almost any frock. Simply cut, it is trimmed with lines of tucking and costs 8½ guineas; they also have it in navy and black. The forward-tilted hat, from the same house, has a felt bow on the pork-pie brim and costs 49s. 6d.

ANOTHER practical plan for the hot weather is to choose washing frocks. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have an attractive collection, including the model on the right in their famous "Crochlyn." This is a washing fabric that looks like linen lace and hangs perfectly, as the pleated skirt shows. The frock photographed here is corn colour, but they have it, for 88s., in other pastel shades. There are also pleated cotton frocks for 45s., skilfully tailored, and button-through dresses for 49s. 6d.

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"Koneray"
PATENT PENDING
PLEATED SKIRTS

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"THERE you are!" said Our Stroller, emptying his pocket. "Fourteen shops: net result, two tens and a single twenty. Not too good for a morning's work, is it?"

"Good for the tobacco companies, if not for you."

"But can the companies get the tobacco?"

"Not as much as they want to supply their customers. There is proof of it," and the broker nodded towards the three packets lying on the table. "It 's quite obvious that people are smoking more than they did."

"—and there 's less tobacco available to satisfy them."

"Yes, but what I mean is, the tobacco companies will find, after the war, a vast increase in the amount of stuff they will be able to sell."

"Their profits may fall away in the meantime."

"That doesn't matter. Nothing does matter just now except winning the war. But when we 've done that, I foresee people tumbling over one another to buy tobacco shares."

"There may be something in that," and Our Stroller gently removed the broker's hand from the packet of twenty. "So you think that tobacco shares aren't bad, even if the dividends come down?"

"I would rather buy them than sell them. People to-day are not allowing themselves to be bothered if dividends are cut."

"You told me that before," observed Our Stroller.

"And I tell you again, in order that it may sink into your pate. What you have to look at is the future of your Company: not just at its present position and profits."

"The world is going to be a different sort of place after——"

"We hope it will. It won't change so completely, all the same, as to stop good investments from being in everyday demand. And you 've got to keep your mind fixed upon that fact, my blue-eyed boy."

"Two things that you can bank on," declared the hitherto silent partner, "are that tobacco and cinemas will be more popular than ever."

"How about the risk of cinemas being hit?"

"That 's the principal snag. I admit it 's a real one; but, regarded as money-takers, the companies can't help doing well. You can allow for evacuation, and the black-out, the rise in costs of everything, and you will still find the movies doing marvellous business."

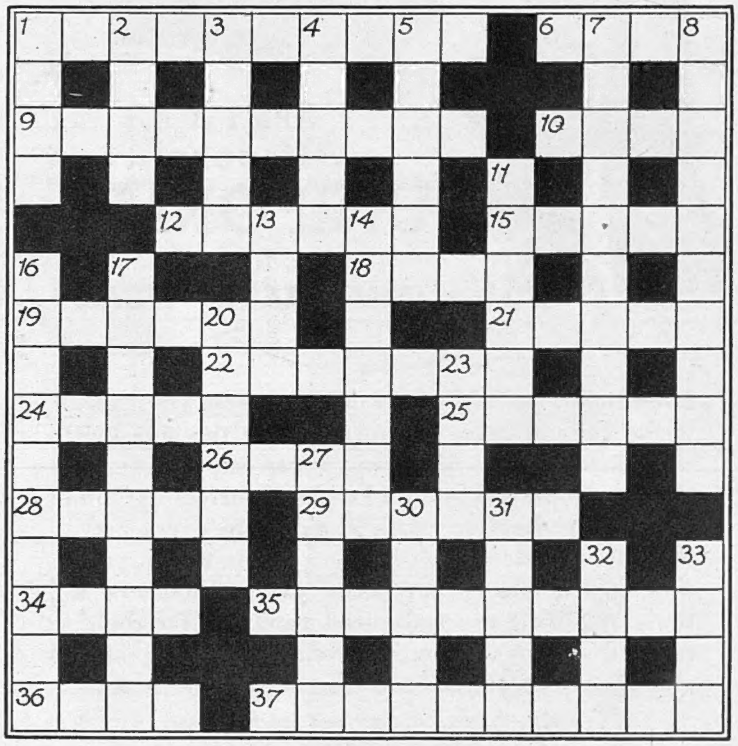
"Personally," said Our Stroller, "I can't say I like cinema shares, but what is your own particular fancy?"

"Associated British Picture is one of the best. Five-shilling shares: stand about six shillings. No dividend last year, but there may be a small one in the autumn."

"What 's the attraction?"

"Good earnings; good board; more than five hundred cinemas. Sounds all right, doesn't it? 'Speculative'? Of course. It 's a speculative industry: there 's no need to tell you that. Excuse me; I have to go across to the House."

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Braid holed an egg like this (4 hyphen 6).
6. Wash with it but don't drink it afterwards (4).
9. Unsporting (two words; 3 and 7).
10. Unnecessary advice to the stocking-maker (4).
12. Mostly a bird, wholly a dog, and an insect gets round the rest of it (6).
15. How near to Heaven some sailors get! (5).
18. Out of conceit (4).
19. Ammunition for sentries—or golfers? (6).
21. Makes you swear (5).
22. Women like this sort of story: there 's a man in it (7).
24. Urges reform, so to speak (5).
25. Cite what sounds like a card (6).
26. Part of Lebanon one can't identify (4).
28. You can still get manna from here (5).
29. Dislocated toe for game (6).
34. This vessel doesn't sound mine (4).
35. Revolver—and should not the man behind it be in bed? (3 hyphen 7).
36. The place to hold spectacles (4).
37. Appropriate (4 hyphen 6).

DOWN.

1. One of the things you can do high and low (4).
2. The sceptic's inelegant retort (4).
3. A one-horse kind of show? (5).
4. How a king sometimes travels (5).
5. No eight has a pair of strokes, but this has (6).
7. Will swallow anything (10)
8. Satin shoes give rise to surprises (10).
11. What a quid is (6).
13. It 's as well (4).
14. Carol? No, he has upset this Swiss place (7).
16. Possibly a shrimp with a bread card for its head (10).
17. Aunt's eager promises (10).
20. We are such stuff as these are made of, says Prospero (6).
23. Cats taking part in a play? (4).
27. I work there, but not on hard water (6).
30. Small bird: you 'll find fifty under a river (5).
31. Methuselah's father (5).
32. An inflammatory termination (4).
33. This bird *could* build (4).

The Kaffir Market as they entered it was the picture of idleness. On the seats round the pillars, and in the various other parts of the area occupied by dealers in South African shares, not a vacant space appeared.

"You will have to sit on the floor if you feel tired," said the broker. "Anything doing?" he enquired of a jobber.

"More than you might think from the look of the market," was the unexpected reply. "We haven't had a bad morning. The Cape takes most of the shares that are being turned out to raise money for War Weapons Weeks."

"But there 's no speculation?"

"How can there be? We all feel a little uncertain as to how the next batch of dividends will be affected by the South African taxation. Possibly brokers might give clients a lead more often than they do."

"Brokers are not very keen upon offering recommendations. To do that is highly risky just now. You can't afford to chance the loss of a client by putting him into something that may go down."

"That 's how I feel about it, too," another broker observed. "If it weren't for that, I should feel inclined to put my people into shipping shares, and perhaps a spot of rubber."

"Do you think your people would bite?"

"They would bite me if the markets went the wrong way. We have seen a bit of trade in Home Railway stocks, and we are doing a little in Canadian Pacifics. Mind you, I think we are lucky to find any business at all."

"Trust companies are coming in again," a third broker affirmed. "I 've seen some quite sizable orders, but the trouble is to get the offer of stock."

"The decent stuff is too good for its holders to sell, and the rubbish is too uninteresting for anyone to buy."

"You 've only to look through your own list to have that rubbed into you good and hearty. No: it 's gilt-edged stocks and top-shelf industrials that are to-day's star turns."

"The stars might turn again," a dealer observed. "Two or three days of good war news, and you 'd see a big change come over this place. Look, there 's an omen for you."

He pointed upwards as a burst of real sunshine streamed through the dome of the Kaffir Market. In its broad bands there danced myriads of dust-specks. The whole atmosphere seemed suddenly to grow warmer. A voice bid for Goldfields.

"There you are! Directly anything cheerful happens, out come the buyers!"

"That 's all very well," said his brother, "but if the shares came out, that would suit us better. Then we could do some trade. We can find buyers; it 's a supply of shares that is needed to make markets more liquid."

"Don't you think that people are waiting to see how much E.P.T. relief the Treasury will allow to the industries with wasting assets?"

"Only oil companies and West African mines are likely to get any benefit from that. A few others may, but there aren't many."

"I know at least a dozen that are thirsting for treatment——"

The broker and Our Stroller looked at one another. Then they stared at the clock. Then, both exclaimed: "Ah, that reminds me!"

And made a simultaneous exit. *Friday, May 30, 1941.*

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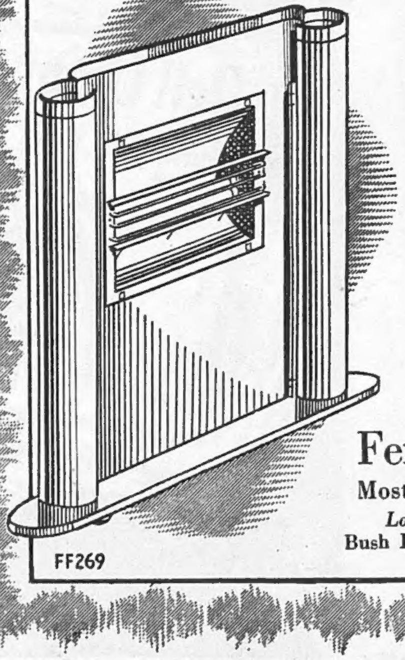

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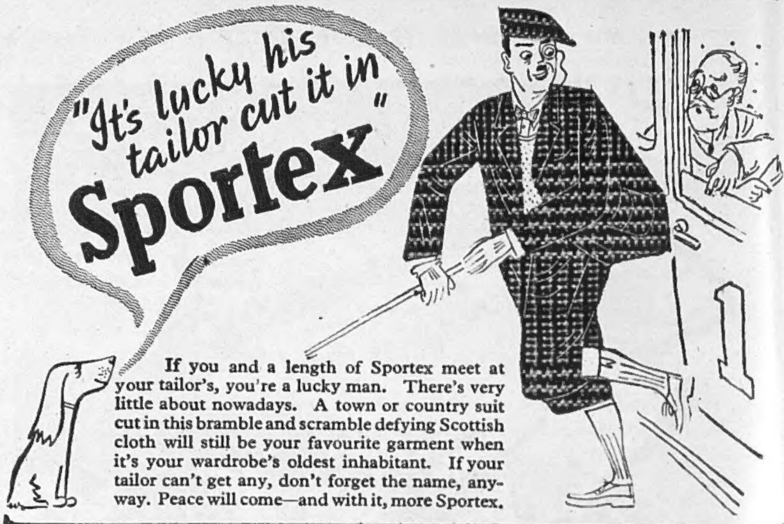

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IF you ever wake up with a headache or a brain that can't seem to concentrate, there's no need to struggle against it all day. But it's no good taking something that just relieves the pain. You're suffering from what doctors call an "acid condition," and you *must* correct that acidity if you're to feel fit and fresh.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

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